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WASHINGTON, D.C.
THE TRANSFER OF POWER HAS BEGUN.
REMAINING POCKETS OF RESISTANCE IN THE WORLD ARE PAINFULLY AWARE THAT I NOW CONTROL THE SINGLE MOST DEADLY ARSENAL ON THE PLANET EARTH...
...AND WILL USE IT AGAINST MY ENEMIES WITHOUT COMPUNCTION.
MASTER... IF I MAY--
YOUR VOICE IS HEAVY, IGNITION. SPEAK YOUR MIND.
WE HAVE STRUGGLED FOR SO LONG. PLANNING THE DOWNFALL OF THE EAGLE, THE BEAR... THE KRYPTONIAN MANGOD.
ARE YOU... SATISFIED? HAVE YOU FOUND PEACE?
I HAVE NOT FELT PEACE SINCE I WAS BORN, IGNITION, BUT I DO FEEL... SOMETHING.
AND IT IS VERY GOOD.

HE FAVORS YOU. THAT IS WHY YOU WERE CHOSEN, LOIS LANE.
YOU WILL BE THE WITNESS. YOU WILL TELL THE WORLD.
LUCKY ME.

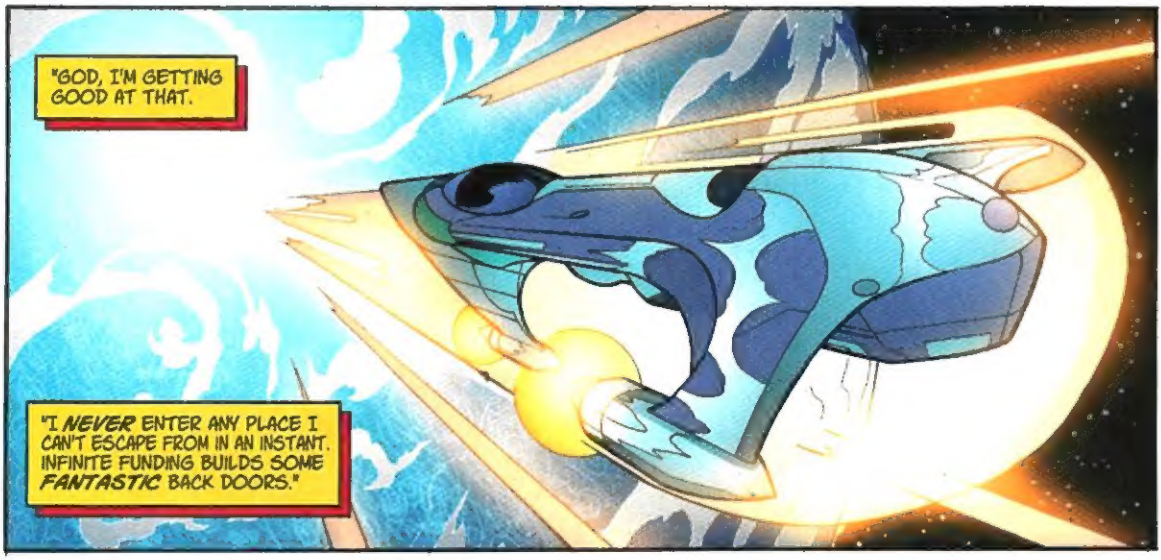
YOU HAVE TWO MINUTES FOR SPEAKING. LAST WORDS. A CONCESSION TO HIS BETTER.
AND THEN...?

THEN PRESIDENT LUTHOR WILL PUBLICLY TRANSFER POWER TO ZOD... FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY HIS EXECUTION.
OVER MY DEAD BODY, FAORA.
YOU'RE NOT COMING NEAR THIS MAN WHILE I'M ALIVE.

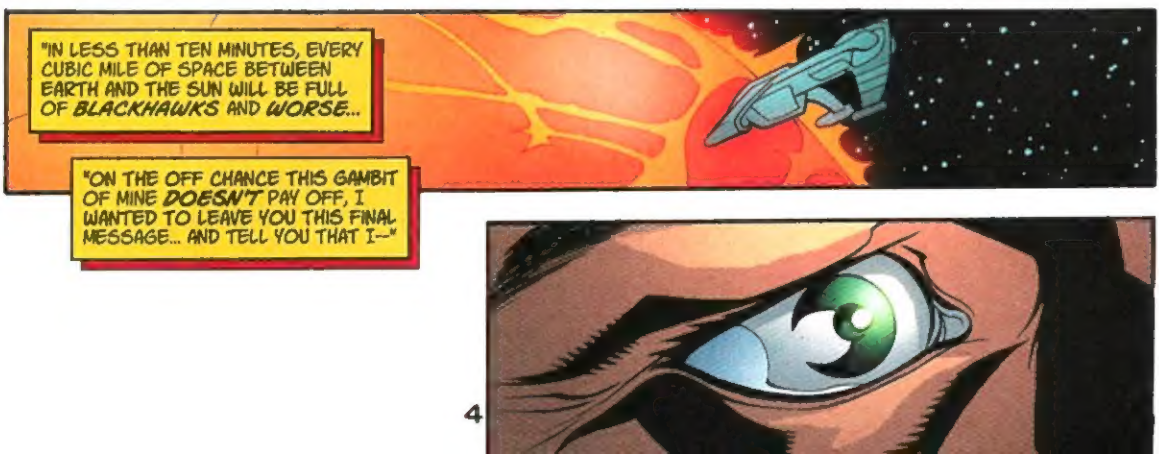
I THOUGHT YOU'D BE HAPPY TO BECOME PRESIDENT, MISTER ROSS... OF COURSE, THEN IT WILL BE YOUR TURN TO DIE.

YOU HAVE TWO MINUTES, LANE.
HRRK! GET HIS WORDS, LOIS. TAKE YOUR TIME AND GET THEM ALL!

SLAM
THEY CHASED ME DOWN. HUNTED ME TO BRING ME HERE, LEX — WHY ME?
I DON'T THINK HE'S COMING... IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE EXPECTING. I THINK...
LEX, HE TOLD ME... THAT YOU KNEW. ABOUT US. THE SECRET. I...
JESUS, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING.
I HATE YOU, LEX LUTHOR.
BUT I DIDN'T WANT IT TO END LIKE THIS.
WILL YOU AT LEAST SAY SOME --
AHHH!


"GOD, I'M GETTING GOOD AT THAT.
"I NEVER ENTER ANY PLACE I CAN'T ESCAPE FROM IN AN INSTANT. INFINITE FUNDING BUILDS SOME FANTASTIC BACK DOORS."

I'VE BOUGHT THREE HOURS MAX IF ROSS KEPT THEM AWAY FROM THE PROJECTOR, LESS IF THEY FIND THE TELEPORTER AND CAN TRACK IT.
I WISH I COULD SEE YOUR FACE, LOIS.
I MEAN THAT MORE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE.


"IN LESS THAN TEN MINUTES, EVERY CUBIC MILE OF SPACE BETWEEN EARTH AND THE SUN WILL BE FULL OF BLACKHAWKS AND WORSE...
"ON THE OFF CHANCE THIS GAMBIT OF MINE DOESN'T PAY OFF, I WANTED TO LEAVE YOU THIS FINAL MESSAGE... AND TELL YOU THAT I--"

The
HARVEST
PART THREE
JOE KELLY WRITER
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COMICRAFT LETTERS
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SUPERMAN CREATED BY
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THE IDIOT.
IF HE'D JUST LEFT YOU THERE WITHOUT THE ARMOR, YOU WOULD BE NO MORE THAN A MEMORY BY NOW.

THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR TRADING PRACTICALITY FOR IRONY.

GLLCH UKT--

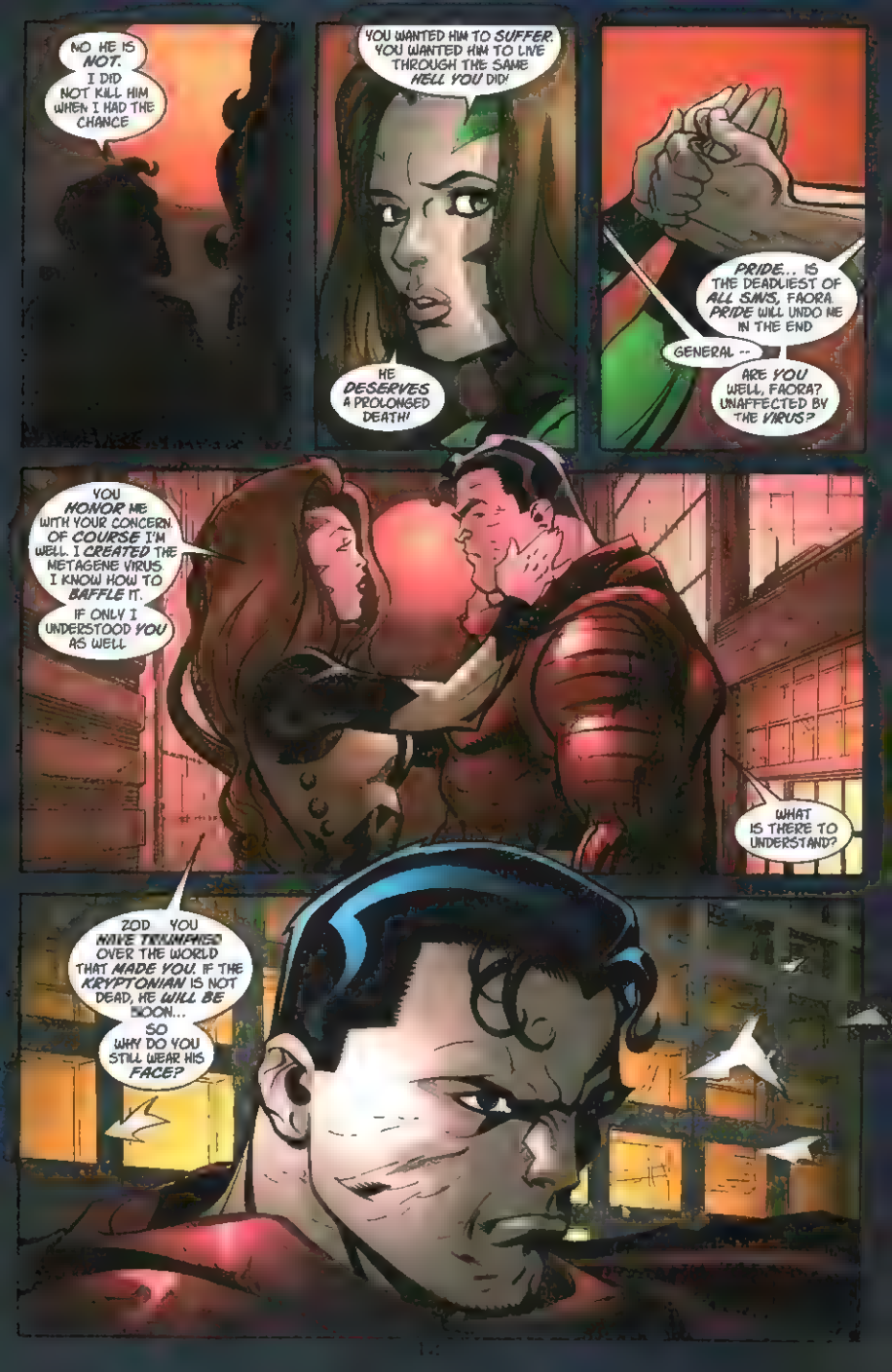
SOMEDAY.
KLK
GNAAHH-- ZOD...
ZZZZAKT
GIVE IT A SECOND. I COULDN'T GET THE ARMOR OFF, BUT I SHORTED OUT THE RED RADIATION GENERATORS INSIDE.
KA
KRA
KRAKOOM
I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING AS SOON AS YOU CAN STAND--

THEY EXECUTED EVASIVE MANEUVERS THROUGH THE SUN'S CORONA. TWO BLACKHAWKS WERE LOST IN PURSUIT.
WE *THINK* THEY LANDED ON THE MOON, BUT-- WE LOST THEM IN THE EXPLOSION, GENERAL ZOD.
SEARCH TEAMS ARE ACTIVE... WE DID OUR *BEST*, SIR.
I AM AWARE OF THAT.
FOR YOUR DILIGENCE, I AWARD YOU A QUICK DEATH BY YOUR OWN HAND. YOU HAVE *THREE SECONDS*.
YOU *SADISTIC* SON OF A--
WAIT--!
ALL KNEEL BEFORE ZOD--
WHERE?
WHERE?!

"LOOKIT! LOOKIT! HE'S MOVIN'!
"TOL' YOU HE WUZZANT DEAD! SOMEONE OWES ME FIFTEEN CARTONS OF SMOKES!"
"EXCUSE ME... MAY I? SUPERMAN... SUPERMAN!
"THERE'S BEEN A LITTLE SNAG VIS-A-VIS MY RESCUE ATTEMPT."

WH-WHERE ARE WE. ?
WELCOME TO STRYKER'S PENITENTIARY. I TAKE IT YOU'RE ALREADY ACQUAINTED WITH OUR *HOSTS*..
YOU *PUT* THEM HERE.

POKOLISTAN
I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN AWARE OF THE INEFFECTIVENESS OF UNITED NATIONS FORCES--
YEAAAAGH!
BUT I NEVER REALIZED IT STEMMED FROM BLATANT STUPIDITY.
THERE IS NO MEANS BY WHICH YOU CAN RESIST ME! NOT IN YOUR LANDS -- AND ESPECIALLY NOT IN MY HOME!
I APPRECIATE YOUR ASSISTANCE HERE, GENERAL... BUT WITH RESPECT, IGNITION AND I COULD HAVE DISPOSED OF...
...
IT'S BEEN WEEKS, GENERAL. HE'S DEAD, YOU KNOW. HE MUST BE.


NO. HE IS NOT. I DID NOT KILL HIM WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE
YOU WANTED HIM TO SUFFER. YOU WANTED HIM TO LIVE THROUGH THE SAME HELL YOU DID!
HE DESERVES A PROLONGED DEATH!
PRIDE... IS THE DEADLIEST OF ALL SINS, FAORA. PRIDE WILL UNDO ME IN THE END
GENERAL --
ARE YOU WELL, FAORA? UNAFFECTED BY THE VIRUS?
YOU HONOR ME WITH YOUR CONCERN. OF COURSE I'M WELL. I CREATED THE METAGENE VIRUS. I KNOW HOW TO BAFFLE IT.
IF ONLY I UNDERSTOOD YOU AS WELL
WHAT IS THERE TO UNDERSTAND?
ZOD... YOU HAVE TRIUMPHED OVER THE WORLD THAT MADE YOU. IF THE KRYPTONIAN IS NOT DEAD, HE WILL BE SOON...
SO WHY DO YOU STILL WEAR HIS FACE?

HE PUT ON MY COLORS... AND TOOK CONTROL. WITH NO METAHUMANS LEFT TO STOP HIM. HE SHUT DOWN RESISTANCE AROUND THE WORLD. . KILLED... AS ME.
HE'S WON.
NOT IF YOU'RE ALIVE. HE HASN'T PLUS YOU HAVE AN EDGE NOW. WE'RE CUT OFF FROM EARTH UP HERE. PART OF AN EMERGENCY PROTOCOL.
UNTIL THE PRESIDENT CRASH-LANDED YOU ON THE ASTEROID. THE INMATES DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A CLUE THERE WAS A PROBLEM --
YEAH, MY LAWYER'LL BE HERMIT ABOUT THAT AS SOON AS THE GOOD GENERAL MAKES HIMSELF A NEW SUPREME COURT...
BUT UNTIL THEN... I CAN DO IT. I CAN BYPASS THE BOOBY TRAPS AN' FREE THE JOINTS AN' GET THIS HAMMA OFF OF HIM.
DUNNO WHY I SHOULD, THOUGH. RED SUN GENERATOR INSIDE, KRYPTONITE HEART OUTSIDE... METALLO CAN BE THE DUDE WHO KILLED SUPERMAN IN HALF A SECOND.
DAMMIT, CORBEN! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND? HAVEN'T YOU HEARD WHAT WE'VE BEEN SAYING?
JOHN.

I WANT THIS FILTHY THING OFF MY BODY
YOU CAN HELP ME OR YOU CAN GO TO HELL AND I'LL FIND SOMEONE WHO WILL
SO... WHO WOULD WIN IN A FIGHT RIGHT NOW, DO YOU THINK?
TTINK TTINKLE
SUPERMAN OR MICKEY MOUSE?

I BET FIFTY BILLION DOLLARS AND IDAHO ON THE RAT.
I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO THANK YOU, LEX. FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE
YOU SAVED MY LIFE.
NO, I DIDN'T.
NNGH
WHAT YOU KNOW SAVED YOUR LIFE AND I PITY YOU FOR IT
BECAUSE WHATEVER PAIN YOU'VE SUFFERED THROUGH TO THIS POINT
IT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU IF WE SURVIVE
EVEN NOW. EVEN AFTER ALL THIS TIME, AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH--
YOU TAMPERED WITH MY MIND, SUPERMAN
MY MIND.

WHEN YOU PERFORM SURGERY, IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO SEW UP THE HOLES.
I REMEMBER OUR "CHAT" ON MY ISLAND ABOUT WHO YOU REALLY ARE. I KNOW WHERE THE RECORDS WERE BEFORE I ERASED THEM. I REMEMBER... THE THRILL OF KNOWING EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU. EVERYTHING.
AND NOW IT'S ALL GONE.
LEX, I.
EVERYTHING I HAVE SPRINGS FROM MY MIND. MY ONE PRECIOUS, INVIOLATE ASSET. THERE WILL BE A RECKONING, ALIEN. I PROMISE YOU. I WON'T FORGET THAT
BUT WE HAVE AN AGENDA FOR THE MOMENT... ARE WE GOING TO GET OUR PLANET BACK OR NOT?
MAYBE
CAN WE WORK TOGETHER?
I CAN DO ANYTHING YOU CAN... JUST TELL ME I DIDN'T RESCUE YOU FOR NOTHING.
TELL ME YOU HAVE A PLAN
I DO. A SLOPPY, DESPERATE, SUICIDAL ONE, AND I ONLY NEED ONE THING TO PULL IT OFF.
AN ARMY.

FULL PRESIDENTIAL PARDON
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU DID. WHY YOU'RE HERE WHO YOU KILLED. YOU ARE THE ONLY METAHUMANS LEFT UNAFFECTED BY ZOD'S VIRUS
THE ONLY ARMY WE CAN COMMAND. HELP ME TAKE DOWN ZOD, AND YOU HAVE A CLEAN SLATE
IF WE LIVE THROUGH IT, YOU MEAN!
SORT OF A TON OF NUTHIN' IF WE GET KAKKED. BETTER RED THAN DEAD, YOU ASK ME!
YOUR PITTANCE MEANS NOTHING TO ME
NOW LET'S TALK SHARES OF LEXCORP!
I'D LIKE ME ONE OF THOSE BATTLE SUITS TO REPLACE THE ONE GOT BROKE!
ZOD GOT WOMEN IN POKOLISTAN?
YOU'RE NOT LISTENING... THIS IS THE END--
A PARDON IS WORTHLESS.
YOU ALL KNOW IT. SO DO WE

MANY OF YOU HAVE COMMITTED UNSPEAKABLE CRIMES THAT SIMPLY CANNOT BE ABSOLVED IN THIS LIFE.
AND, IF YOU ATTEMPT WHAT WE'RE ASKING... MANY OF YOU WILL DIE
BUT UP HERE, WITHOUT THE TELEPORTERS, WITHOUT SUPPLIES, YOU HAVE WHAT..?
A YEAR? THREE?
THEN WHAT? THEN YOU DIE ANYWAY, MURDERING ONE ANOTHER OVER SCRAPS OF BREAD.
THE ONLY REASON THIS ASTEROID HASN'T BEEN SHOT FROM THE SKY IS THAT ZOD HAS DISCOUNTED YOU.
HE BELIEVES THAT YOU HAVE NEITHER THE STRENGTH OF CHARACTER NOR BODY TO POSE A REAL THREAT
I DON'T KNOW WHETHER OR NOT HE'S RIGHT.
WHAT I DO KNOW IS THAT ZOD CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO STAY IN POWER THE ATROCITIES HE'LL COMMIT-- THE HORROR HE'LL INFLICT ON EVERYDAY PEOPLE

WILL BE UNLIKE ANYTHING EVEN YOU--
HNNGH!
:KAFF KAFF:... EVEN YOU HAVE IMAGINED.
EARTH'S FORCES ARE STRONG, BUT THEY'RE NOT ENOUGH AGAINST ZOD... NOT UNDER A RED SUN.
THEY WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH AGAINST ME, I KNOW THAT... AND I'D NEVER DO HALF OF WHAT ZOD'S CAPABLE OF.
I NEED AN ARMY TO SET THE WORLD FREE.
SO I'M ASKING YOU, WITHOUT EMPTY PROMISES OR PLATITUDES, TO STAND AND BE COUNTED FOR ONCE IN YOUR MISERABLE LIVES...
...DOING THE RIGHT THING.

IF HE LIVES... HE HAS TWO OPTIONS.
HE CAN FOCUS HERE, OR AT THE SUN.
IGNITION, TAKE THE BLACKHAWKS TO THE SUN. HE WILL REQUIRE STRENGTH BEFORE AN ATTACK.
FAORA, YOU WILL COORDINATE DEFENSE FROM THE RABBIT HOLE.
YES, SIR... AND YOU?
I WILL NOT MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE.
I WILL NOT ALLOW HIM TO FIND ALLIES.
I AM GOING TO EXECUTE THE METAS. HE CANNOT STAND AGAINST ME ALONE.

SIR! WE'RE UNDER FIRE?!
SO SOON... IS IT TRULY TIME?
GENERAL ZOD... WHAT IS THAT? WHAT IS THAT?
MY FINAL UNDERESTIMATION.
IT ENDS... HERE.

To Be Concluded!